





EUGENIUS:

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF THE

GOLDEN VALE:

AN EMBELLISHED NARRATIVE OF
REAL FACTS.

—Subiit Argentea Proles,
Auro deterior fulvo, pretiosior Ære.

OVID. MET.

2 Vol in One

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

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EUCEMIUS

A NEW BOOK

GOODS & WARE



VOL. II

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AND...

TO THE
FAIR READER.

MADAM,

YOU are probably one of those
exalted beings, who, not
content with subduing mankind
by the brilliancy of your eyes, and
other female attractions, are for en-
countering us at our own weapons,
of profound erudition and universal
reading. You are therefore en-
gaged,

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gaged, perhaps, in some metaphysical disquisition on matter and spirit; you are drudging through Rapin's, or more agreeably ranging through Hume's, Robertson's, or Gibbon's amusing histories; or, perhaps, harrowing up your soul with the savage manners or bloody transactions of Kamschatka or Kara-kakoo.—If you are thus *learnedly* employed, go on and prosper!—I bow at an awful distance; I respect, I reverence, I admire you! But you are not the object of this address.

Yet should you, after all, be a lady in the style of my amiable
friends

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friends Mrs. O——n, or Mrs. L. S—, who nurse their own children, and teach them their catechism; or play at Pope Joan with the curate's wife and daughters; or sometimes read a novel, these long winter evenings, in the country;—in short, if you *read* merely for amusement, as the Author wrote the following narrative *,

• The Author has called it “An EMBELLISHED NARRATIVE;” not vauntingly (as the reader will believe, for it is a very simple one) but merely as disguising real facts. He would have called it “The SILVER AGE,” but was afraid such a paradox in the title-page might have prejudiced the reader against his work.

when

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when bad eyes, and various other circumstances, rendered him unfit for more important studies; you will here find a light, harmless evening's repast, which I would humbly hope might keep you awake till your usual hour of going to rest. But should it lull you, prematurely, into an ambrosial slumber, do not grudge your sixpence at the circulating library, nor abuse the author on that account; for, next to a state of positive pleasure, the sweet oblivion of the cares and pains of human life is "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" nay, the very summit of human felicity.

EUGENIUS:

OR,

Anecdotes of the Golden Vale.

CHAP. I.

IN that delightful season of the year, when the Sun began to penetrate the eternal fogs which, all the winter, surround the Metropolis, and to gild, each morning, with its enlivening rays the garrets of the Strand—when the streets were crowded with fair nymphs,

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B

clad

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clad in all the colours of the spring, and every court and alley resounded with the melodious cries of mackrel and pickled salmon—in a fine morning, towards the end of last May, as I was reading the papers, and regaling myself with some green tea, at the Somerset Coffee-house, I was joined by an old school-fellow from one of the midland counties, whom I had not seen for near twenty years ; and whom, in the following narrative, I shall call Eugenius.

After some general account of each other, and various enquiries into the different fates of our school-fellows, some of whom were dead, and some married ; some were risen to high honours, and some, I believe, transported
to

to Nova Scotia—we then contentedly resumed our several news-papers. —

The Morning Herald, which was put into my hands, contained, as usual, the history of the gay world, and particularly mentioned one or two instances of conjugal infidelity amongst ladies of high rank ; one or two elopements to Scotland ; a forgery or two ; and a very superb and expensive *fête champêtre*, and the like.

This naturally suggested a comparison between the manners which prevailed in England in our younger days, and those of the present age ; greatly, you may suppose, to the disadvantage of the latter. My friend Eugenius however, though by no means of a captious temper, seemed

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inclined to dispute the justice of my reflections ; and was so far from allowing the superiority of former times, in point of virtue or morality, that he seemed to give the preference to the present age, in that and almost in every respect, and entered into a long and serious defence of his paradox.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

WE are perpetually declaiming, says Eugenius, on the degeneracy of the age we live in.—“What an alteration in our manners since I was a young man* (said old Sophronius the other night at the tavern)—our men are fops and macaronies—our women viragos, bold and abandoned — our politics are shal-

* *Laudator temporis acti, se puero.*

“And oh! when I was young, what glorious times!”

See Colman's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

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low — our learning superficial — our orators are mere praters — and our poets taggers of rhyme. — Where are our Pulteneys, our Walpoles, or our Bolingbrokes? Where shall we find a Swift, an Addison, or a Pope? — Nothing sensible or manly remains amongst us. Our very sports and amusements are trifling and effeminate! — Hunting and shooting give way to fiddling and dancing, to cards and billiards, and games of chance.”

Come, my friend Sophronius, said I, in answer to this harangue, put about the bottle, and let us pledge you. There may be some truth in your observations, but more of error, I am inclined to think.

Our manners, I own, are greatly altered within these few years; yet partly,

ly, I should hope, for the better, if at all for the worse. Reason has certainly gained ground, though deep learning may be upon the decline ; many prejudices are worn off, and many absurd customs laid aside ; our manners are evidently more polished, and I think not more corrupt, than in the days of our youth. If we have fewer fox-hunters, we have fewer hard drinkers ; if our country gentlemen live more in public places, they drink less in private parties, than heretofore. As to our statesmen, orators, and poets—if we must descend to particulars, without regard to party—though we have no Walpoles, Pulteneys, or Bolingbrokes, we have men not *less* honest, nor *less* able : we have a Th--low,

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a C-md-n, a N-rth, a Charles F-x, and
a second William P-tt *.

If we have not a Swift, an Addison,
or a Pope, we have an H-rd, the
W-rtons, and an H-yley, with many
others not inferior to them; not to
mention many female writers †, supe-
rior to those of any age, ancient or
modern.

In point of taste and skill in the po-
lite arts, you will hardly dispute our
superiority to the last age; nor put
even Pope's hero, Jervas, in competi-
tion with Reynolds or Gainsborough;
or Hogarth himself with Harry B-n-
bury.

* Non deficit alter aureus. VIRG.

† Mrs. M-nt-gue, Mrs. Ch-p--e, Miss
A-k-n, Miss Sew-rd, &c. &c.

Even

Even our fair ladies, though some few, with a noble contempt of the laws of decency as well as of chastity, have distinguished themselves in the annals of gallantry; and though they have too generally adopted the high ton of a bold masculine air and ambiguous dress; yet I question whether we have not in high life as many or more examples of conjugal fidelity, maternal tenderness, and domestic oeconomy*, as in the former part of this, or in the latter part of the last century.—

I was here going to interrupt my

* The Duchesses of A—, of B—, of C—, of R—; the Countesses of Ch—m, P—, Sp—; Viscountesses W---th, Mrs. M--t-gue, Mrs. A—, Mrs. B—, Mrs. M—, &c. &c.

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friend Eugenius in his career, but he desired me to hear him out.—

And indeed, continued he, I am inclined to think that many of our English, and some French novels (whatever bad influence too early an application to those superficial studies may have on young people) have at least had this good effect, of instilling or rather of awakening in many of the fair sex those principles of humanity and compassion, which the love of pleasure and dissipation, and a constant intercourse with the fashionable world, are too apt to check or extinguish. For who can read the affecting narratives of Richardson, or Miss B-rney, and not be excited to acts of benevolence and generosity ; or, on the other hand,

hand, not be deterred from the mean pursuits of selfishness, avarice, and fraud?

In short, added Eugenius, though I will not compare our times to the *Golden Age*—that state of perfect innocence and happiness, which probably never really existed except in Paradise—yet, I think, the Iron and Brazen Ages are gradually wearing off: and (from the examples of many families in middling life, with whom I am acquainted; and of many others in exalted stations, of whom I have been credibly informed) I do not despair to see, by degrees, the *Silver Age* restored; by which I would understand the bright polish of modern improvements, joined to the innocence and simplicity of

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those primitive times, which form such amusing and delightful pictures in the pastoral writings of the ancient Greek and Roman poets.

N. B. The many audacious robberies, and daily executions, which seem to stare my system in the face, may, I think, be obviously accounted for from temporary causes; I mean, the suppression of smuggling, and the disbanding the army since the peace.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

I COULD now no longer forbear, but was tempted to interrupt my friend Eugenius with a loud laugh; as indeed I did not imagine that he himself was serious in defending so outrageous a paradox. Well, said I, I am willing to allow some degree of virtue, and perhaps of improved morals, in some individuals in middling life: but what do you say to the many notorious instances of adultery, for example (for I love to call things by their real names) amongst people of rank

rank and quality, which are the daily subject of public censure and detestation, amongst people who have not lost all sense of decency, or regard to virtue?

Why, says Eugenius, I confess you have attacked my system in its least defensible part, perhaps; yet I do not despair of making good my post, if you'll grant me a moment's truce, and let us discuss the affair with calmness and impartiality.

The peerage of Great Britain, continues he, in conjunction with the Irish nobility, many of whom reside in England, amount, I believe, to near five hundred families: and our commoners of high rank, and possessed of capital

tal fortunes, and who also figure in high life, are almost innumerable.

Now amongst these people of distinction, who exhibit themselves on the theatre of the polite world, we hear of two or three ladies in two or three years, perhaps, who from mere wantonness and love of variety, or from being unsuitably matched by their parents—and sometimes, I fear, from the ill usage of their tyrannical masters—violate their conjugal engagements, separate from their husbands, become the subject of public speculation, and fill every news-paper with licentious anecdotes, criminal adventures, and trials for incontinency.

But

But we hear nothing, all this while, of the hundreds and thousands of virtuous wives, tender mothers, or dutiful daughters, who, in the sequestered paths of life, discharge their duty in their several relations and departments without noise or ostentation*.

Neither are the trials of these few fair culprits, in this age, stained with the guilt of poisoning or assassinations; crimes shocking to humanity, with which history abounds; and which have furnished the subjects of tragedy, in earlier periods, in our own country

* I am obliged to a lady much conversant in the great world, and of exquisite judgment, for this remark.

as well as in other parts of Europe, and amongst the ancient celebrated commonwealths of Greece and Rome.

But not to calculate so *nicely* the characters and conduct of a few individuals—if we were to take a general view of the state of the world, in a religious or moral, in a civil or political light, I make no doubt but we should find it altered for the better almost within our own memory. Some few, or perhaps many instances of Infidelity may probably be produced in our own country, and on the Continent, in opposition to our religious improvement. But, upon the whole, I am convinced that the advocates for religion are getting ground in their disputes with the patrons of infidelity.

And

And even Popery seems to have reformed many of its superstitious opinions, and to have adopted more liberal sentiments in regard to those of other communions.

And as to *practical* religion, never were there so many noble instances of *private* charities and munificent contributions for the relief of the indigent and distressed; without having recourse to the many *public* institutions of charity schools, infirmaries, hospitals, and asylums, for almost every malady or misfortune incident to human nature.

As to our improvement in our civil capacity, never were our rights better understood, or more religiously preserved, than in the present age. And

not-

notwithstanding the eternal cant of the friends of *liberty*, as every busy fellow styles himself, about the privileges of the people; our only danger seems to be from those *licentious* principles so *freely* propagated in every part of the kingdom, which must prove in the end destructive of all legal government; and probably end in anarchy, and its offspring despotism, the natural consequence of popular tumults, which such principles have a tendency to produce.

I shall only observe further, as to our modern politics, that I should hope, from the surprising changes in the general political system of Europe, and the amiable and liberal characters of most of its sovereigns, that it
may

may in time be formed into one grand commonwealth; and even Rousseau's Utopian system, for an universal peace, to be guarantied by the several states, may be adopted, and at length prevail over the whole world.

C H A P. IV.

WELL, said I, the present age is much obliged to you for your zealous defence; and I wish posterity may experience the truth of your prediction.

Why, replied Eugenius, this comparative view of the state of morality in the present and in former times, is all theory and conjecture; and perhaps it is impossible to be precisely determined.—I am engaged this morning; but, when I have an opportunity, I will give you the history of the little district or neighbourhood in which I
am

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am now settled, and with which I have been acquainted these twenty years : which, with some other instances that I could produce, would tend greatly to confirm the position which I have ventured to maintain.

Why, if you have no other engagement, said I (somewhat curious to hear this history) suppose we dine together to-day at the Devil Tavern, or wherever else you choose.

Well, says Eugenius, I don't often dine from my family ; but as we shall be less interrupted at a tavern than at my lodgings, and I should be glad to talk over the trifling incidents of our youth, I will meet you at the place you mention ; for which indeed I have some sort of partiality, having spent

many happy hours there formerly with our friends at the Temple, which was then a sort of general rendezvous for people educated at our University.

Accordingly at three o'clock, the old-fashioned hour, we met; and, as there was not much company expected, were put into Ben Jonson's club-room, and had his convivial laws before our eyes, over the chimney. But our attention was too much engaged by our *appetite*, which generally prevails over curiosity; and, as soon as we had dined, by my impatience to hear the narrative which Eugenius had promised me; who, after lubricating the organs of elocution with a glass or two of wine, thus began.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

YOU probably recollect, said Eugenius, that, from a mere boy, I was of a romantic turn of mind; and of course, I suppose, was reckoned an *odd* fellow. — Yes, said I, and *odd* as you were, I was *even* with you; having been, in my youth, as romantic as most people. — Well, said Eugenius, I saw things in a different light, I believe, from that of the rest of my school-fellows; as I dignified the most familiar objects, by viewing them thro' the mist of an enthusiastic imagination. What they called a hill, I called
a mountain;

a mountain; an old wood or copse, I considered as a sacred grove; and a neighbouring heath, over-run with broom and birch-trees, appeared to me a wild forest, which I fancied to be inhabited by nymphs and fawns, or by robbers and outlaws.

I read Robinson Crusoe before I was ten years old; and longed to be cast upon some desolate island, and to spend my whole life in solitude and a savage retreat.

At fourteen I undertook Don Quixote, but must confess I enjoyed it more as a romantic tale than as a work of humour; and was better pleased with the adventures in the Sierra Morana, or Black Mountain, than with the Don's ridiculous attacks up-

on the wind-mill or on the Yangesian-carriers.

When I got to the University, having no father alive, and having a very indulgent mother, I was pretty much my own master ; and being possessed also of a slender independent fortune, I usually spent a good part of the long vacation in different towns in the wildest and least frequented parts of England.

A good-natured young fellow, one Williams, of Jesus College, who knew my passion for romantic views, and the wild beauties of nature, invited me, one summer, to go with him to his father's house ; which he told me, was situated in a sequestered vale, in the most mountainous part of North Wales ;

Wales; whither hardly any Englishman, till within these few years, and very few Welshmen, had ever penetrated; and which had escaped the sagacity even of the inquisitive and philosophical Mr. Pennant himself. He was certain I should be delighted with the situation, and the prospects round it; and added, that there was a jovial set of the most hospitable gentlemen lately settled there that could be found in the three kingdoms. The former part of this intelligence, however, had more influence with me than the latter;—and accordingly, as soon as we had kept the term, and the long vacation commenced, I accepted of my friend's invitation; who, having a little Welsh poney sent up by the Shrews-

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bury carrier, and I mounted on my own steed, with a couple of shirts, a pair of shoes, and a Glasgow Anacreon, packed up in my great coat pocket, and tied before me, we sallied forth on our expedition.

As I was about to start, I was told that the weather was not so good as it appeared, and that the wind was a little fresh. I, however, being a lover of the most hospitable gentlemen, and being sure that I should be well received in the three kingdoms. The former part of this intelligence, however, had more influence with me than the latter, and accordingly, as soon as we had kept the reins, and the long vacation commenced, I accepted of my friend's invitation, who, having a little while before sent up by the stews-

boy

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

AFTER an agreeable and not very expensive journey of three days, on the morning of the fourth, quitting the great road, and winding along the valley for a few miles, we came into a very mountainous country, and at length began to climb a very steep and lofty range of hills; from whose summits we had a view of an extensive vale opening to the sea, at the mouth of which seemed to be a small sea-port, or fishing town; and only here and there a farm house

or two, or rather cottages, shaded by a few hawthorns, on the sides of the hills.

My friend Williams looking round with an arch leer, "Well," says he, "what do you think of my native country?"

Though I was afraid this was the end of our journey, and felt my expectations greatly disappointed, yet being unwilling to shock my friend's good-nature, I observed that there was a noble view of the sea; and though the external appearance of the mountains was not very fertile or alluring, yet they *might* probably contain some *rich* veins of lead or copper in their bowels.

Williams felt the force of my sneer, and smiling, "Well," said he, "you have

have made me as good a compliment as the case would admit of; but if I had promised to shew you a fine woman, and should introduce you to an homely piece, you would not think it sufficient to be told, that her *beauty* lay in her mind or in her purse.—However, when you see this valley in a different point of view, you may probably like it better.”

Then leaving again the direct road, which seemed to lead towards the seaport, we kept winding along the sides of the hills towards the left, where the road led us amidst a vast ridge of craggy rocks, which seemed to be the very boundaries of the creation; but instead of terminating in Milton's

chaos, they opened on a sudden into a terrestrial paradise.

But what imagination can conceive, or what language express, the beauties of this vale ! I shall greatly injure by endeavouring to describe it ; I will only say, that nature had assembled all her beauties in this sequestered spot. It seemed to extend, in a waving line, about three miles ; a small river ran winding through the bottom, the regularity of whose meanders was frequently broken by groups of poplars, elms, or alders ; and the meadows on its banks enlivened by herds of cattle. The woods on the side of the hills seemed only to have been cleared away to make room, every
half

half mile, for tolerably neat buildings, farms, or cottages, which gave the whole an habitable, and yet a retired, romantic air. Towards the extremity of the valley, a small parish church appeared, above which the mountains rose in a circular form, and bounded the view.

I asked Williams what they called this beautiful valley. He said the Welsh name was Llan-dryffyd Dwr Llwyn; which the gentlemen lately settled there not being able to pronounce, they had given it the name of THE GOLDEN VALE.

After winding near a mile down the hill, we came within sight of Mr. Williams's habitation, which was a stone-built, substantial farm house ;

with its useful appendages of barns, stables, and ox-stalls, and shaded by a few oaks of an antediluvian appearance.

As the road still kept upon a descent, being impatient to get to the house, we dismounted, and were leading our horses down a steep bank, when Williams's two sisters espied us, having expected us the whole day.— They both flew to meet their brother ; but the elder, who was about eighteen, checked herself at the sight of a stranger ; while the younger, who seemed about thirteen, and who was gnawing a green apple, followed the dictates of pure nature, leaped into her brother's arms, and almost stifled him with her repeated kisses.

We now proceeded towards the
house,

house, Williams with a sister in each hand (having turned his horse before him)—little Flora, the younger, still scratching her apple, though rebuked for it, with nods and winks, by her sister Judith ; who, having been a year or two at a country boarding-school, had just learned enough to disguise the beautiful instincts of nature, and to affect a reserve which sat but awkwardly upon her. Miss Williams, however, had a tolerable person, and was a modest, good sort of girl. But her sister Flora was nature itself, in its most beautiful form ; rather large of her age—well shaped—easy and active in her motions—an open countenance—eyes expressive of sensibility

and sweetness—blooming cheeks, and auburn locks:—in short, she was a rose-bud just ready to unfold its purple leaves, and to display its charms in their highest lustre!—I dwell the longer upon this tempting subject, said Eugenius, because you will hear more of Flora Williams hereafter.

C H A P. VII.

WHEN we came to the house, we were taken into an old-fashioned parlour; great part of the furniture of the last century, but every thing very clean and neat; an oaken table brown-rubbed, and Turkey work chairs, and other things in that style: yet a sister of Mr. Williams, who was married in London, sent them down a handsome glass with a gilt frame, elegant china, and a mahogany tea-table, and the like. The windows, which were small, were rendered more gloomy

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gloomy by glasses filled with mint, which spread over them :—the shade and coolness of the room, however, were very agreeable, as it was but early in the afternoon, and a very hot day.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams were plain, sensible people, and gave me a hearty welcome; but made an apology for the dulness and obscurity of their situation: Mr. Williams however added, that they had some very hospitable neighbours, who perhaps would make my residence amongst them tolerably agreeable. I replied, that I should want no other amusement than their company, and rambling about the woods and meadows in that beautiful valley; and now and then angling in
the

the river with young Mr. Williams, which I found had abounded with trout, though they had been much thinned since these gentlemen had come to live amongst them.

The morning after I arrived, I was so impatient to enjoy the beauties of the Vale alone, and at my leisure, that I arose almost the first of the family : when the Sun, darting his rays obliquely, illuminated every object to the greatest advantage. I visited every part of the woods and glades for a mile round ; climbing every rock and precipice which was accessible to the goats, in order to contemplate the landscapes in different points of view. The
Vale

Vale of Tempe*, so much celebrated by the ancients, gives one but a faint idea of this Elyfian scene.

* The fair reader may see the description of the ancient Tempe in Dr. Hurd's translation from *Ælian*, on Poetical Imitation.

C H A P. VIII.

THE arrival of young Williams from Oxford, especially as he was attended by a stranger, was an occurrence of too much importance not to have spread itself, in a few hours, to every house in the Golden Vale. Accordingly, before we had done breakfast, servants arrived with compliments of enquiry, from the governor, the admiral, the general, and the archbishop (so these gentlemen had thought proper to distinguish each other) though their merit had not really advanced

advanced them to the summit of their several professions.

The admiral's message was accompanied with an invitation to young Williams, and to me, as his friend, to dine there the next day, which was the day of their weekly round of dining at each others houses; and which invitation young Williams prevailed with me, though much against my inclination, to accept of.

As we took our walk that evening, Williams thought it proper to let me a little into the characters and way of life of the present worthy possessors of these Arcadian scenes, with whom we were to dine the next day: which he did in the following manner.

“ This

"This Vale," says Williams, "till within these few years, was inhabited merely by peasants, chiefly rack-renters; my father, and one or two more, being the only freeholders. But the admiral Bembo (as they call him, though his name is Bombketch) with whom we are to dine to-morrow, having been a lieutenant of a man of war, and got a little prize money, married a young woman, who was an only child, and heiress to a little estate in this Vale of about 200 l. a year: in consequence of which he retired to his farm house, and fitted it up in a whimsical style; and now lives the life of a country gentleman.

"Captain Spindle, a friend of the admiral's

miral's (and whom they call General) was the only son of an haberdasher in London, and whom his father had got to be a lieutenant of marines : but not being ambitious of military glory, he had acted rather a safe part, than a very honourable one, upon a certain occasion ; and so chose to retire from the service, as Scipio and other great commanders had done. His father, however, having left him three or four thousand pounds in the funds, he rents an apartment in a farm house here, and makes no inconsiderable figure in this society.

“ But governor Howel,” continues Williams, “ is the most respectable member of this little community, who has a
family

family estate of four or five hundred pounds a year, upon which his ancestors lived like little esquires for many generations. But his father having put him under an eminent wine-merchant in London, by way of augmenting his fortune, where he got a taste for high life—and the love of pleasure prevailing over the love of business—he soon mortgaged his estate for near as much as it is worth; and would probably, instead of his family *seat*, have soon been in the King's *Bench*: but meeting with a merchant's daughter, a prudent young woman, with five thousand pounds, he retired into the country, and might probably retrieve his affairs by a little more oeconomy. But he is never easy without company; and, be-

sides

sides their weekly club-days, he and the admiral, and any one that they can pick up, dine together: when the servants take advantage of their master's being engaged in the parlour, and provisions are wasted, and business neglected; and things go on very differently from what they would otherwise do.

"I should not forget to mention, that the governor keeps a little pack of beagles, for the amusement of himself and any idle people in the neighbourhood; which, though not much expence in themselves, as the huntsman follows them on foot, yet they still bring more company to be entertained at the house.

"But a constant attendant and a
principal

principal performer in this convivial concert, is the archbishop of Toledo (so they style the parson of the parish) who is a good-natured man ; plays a good knife and fork, and a good rubber at whist ; sings a good song, and tells a good story ; and, in short, adds not a little to the enjoyment of the company.

“ There is also a shrewd attorney, who lives at the little sea-port which you saw in the bottom, about two miles off, who seldom misses a club-day : they call him Chief Justice Shark. He never takes his turn in entertaining the company, but makes them a present now and then of a dish of fish ; which the governor and the admiral, with

with great difficulty, prevail on him to enter in his annual account; so that by managing prudently the affairs of his neighbours, Shark has considerably improved his own. Though he seldom says any thing but what is very trite or very dull, yet by speaking but seldom, and with a decisive air, he is reckoned a shrewd, sensible fellow, and is quite an oracle amongst them. He keeps himself sober; and if any of the company ask him a question in the way of his profession, he makes his friendly visit turn to account, and charges six and eight-pence in his next bill.

“But the life and soul of this jovial party is the facetious Dr. Daffy, who
also

also lives at the sea-port. Though the doctor does not pretend to entertain the company any otherwise than by his wit and humour, yet he is a welcome guest at every table. And as each of the company are his patients, he contrives, most weeks, to throw in a bottle or two of bitters for the stomach, tinctures for the gums, or lozenges for expectoration; which, with accidental maladies, sprained ancles, or broken shins—diarrhoeas on the one hand, or costive complaints on the other (the effects of high living and indulgence)—these disasters, I say, enable the doctor to pick up a good livelihood, as well as a good dinner once a week, amongst the hospitable inhabitants of the Golden Vale.

C H A P. IX.

THE morning now arrived, and about two o'clock we set out on our visit to admiral Bembo's; which, as I observed, was the lieutenant's convivial appellation.

As soon as we entered the court, we had a specimen of the admiral's taste. A great mastiff dog, carved in stone, and painted to the life, seemed ready to leap upon us, grinning horribly, and in act to devour us. The grass-plat was covered with rabbits and hares; and an owl sat over the door,

carved in the same materials, by that ingenious artist Mr. — of Bath. On a little terras were planted six demiculverins, which used to be fired when the roast beef came to table; but the noise was too much for his lady's nerves. Soon after we got into the hall, the mimic voice of a cuckow proclaimed that it was three o'clock.

The company was already assembled, and the admiral received us with an hearty welcome; which he testified to young Williams by so violent a shake of the hand, that he almost dislocated his shoulder. The admiral's countenance however suddenly changed to an air of chagrin; and shaking his head, "Ah!" says he, "I shall entertain

you but poorly to-day ; we are disappointed of the principal part of our feast.”—“ Sir,” says Williams, “ I hope you’ll make no apology on *our* account ; no one is more indifferent about eating than my friend Eugénus.”—“ Oh ! as to that,” replies the admiral, “ I believe we shall do tolerably well, though our *top* dish will be wanting. In short, Sir, the doctor cannot be here to-day ; he was sent for, just as he was setting out, to a poor sailor, who, I am afraid, has fractured his skull : and we might as well have hog-meat without mustard, as a dinner without the doctor.”

The company all sympathised with the admiral in lamenting the absence

of Dr. Daffy : though their grief displayed itself rather in their words and looks, than in their loss of appetite ; for the dinner being now on the table, they fell to with great alacrity.—“ I am sorry the doctor cannot be here,” says the governor, spilling his soup down his napkin.—“ I wish the doctor was here,” cried the archbishop, with his mouth full of pudding.—“ The doctor is the very soul of jollity,” says captain Spindle, as he was picking the head of a carp.

“ Every one knows his own business best,” cries Chief Justice Shark, with an oracular solemnity ; “ the doctor knows which side his bread is buttered on, I’ll warrant him.”—“ Yes, faith !

and so do you too, Shark," cries the captain, with a sarcastic vivacity.— This raised a loud laugh at the lawyer's expence.

"Come!" says the admiral, calling for a bumper of port, "let us drink the doctor's health however"—

"Thank you! thank you! gentlemen all," cries the doctor, unexpectedly entering the room at that instant with his wife and two daughters; and throwing down his hat and stick in the middle of the room, "The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson," cries the doctor. Then seating his wife in the place that had been reserved for *him*, he whirls a round claw-table to the corner of the room—seats himself and
his

his two daughters—and bidding the butler bring a napkin, said he would soon make up for the time he had lost.

Upon the admiral's asking the doctor whether he should send him some carp, the doctor not liking the complexion of them (as they were dressed in a particular way) seasoned his refusal with a joke; and said, he did not keep Lent. "Besides," added he, "I have not made my will; and a bone may kill a man as soon as a bullet or cannon-ball, you know, admiral!"—This would have raised another laugh, but the company were too busy to be again interrupted.

C H A P. X.

HAVING heard the doctor so much extolled, continued Eugenius, and pronounced the life of every social meeting, I made his character my particular study; and soon discovered the secret charm which rendered him the object of universal love and admiration. The doctor possessed no *extraordinary* talents either of wit or learning, to supply so constant a fund of mirth and entertainment: but he was happy in his system

tem of features, and the arch turn of his visage. His muscles were pliant, and easily moved to laughter; his eye shone with glee and vivacity; and the only two remaining teeth, in his upper mandible, would have qualified him for an excellent bust of Democritus, the laughing philosopher.

Though the doctor said but few *very* witty things himself, yet the company saw the effects of their own wit in the mirror of the doctor's countenance; and were charmed with the reflected image of their own ingenuity. For a capacity of being entertained by others, is generally a stronger recommendation to the favour of mankind, than the most shin-

ing talents, or a power of entertaining them.

“Incomparable!” cries the doctor, in an ecstasy of joy, when the governor said a tolerable thing—“Exquisite! upon my soul, noble admiral—Good G—d! my dear archbishop, you’ll split my diaphragm with laughing! you must lower the key of your wit; there’s no bearing it.”

Then if any of his good friends had a quarrel to relate, or complaint of ill usage to give vent to, the doctor was ready with the most bitter invectives.—“A dog!” cries he, “such a scoundrel should not be suffered to exist upon the face of the earth! I wish I had the rascal under my hands,
I’d

I'd scarify his pericranium; I'd rip up his abdomen for the villain!—Well, rot him, such a fellow is not worth mentioning!—Come, admiral, I'll pledge you; we'll drink perdition to such pitiful scoundrels!"

While they were at dinner, the doctor seeing the chief justice look grave (who rather envied Daffy's extreme popularity)—"Shark!" quoth the doctor, "I wish you would eat a little oil with your fallad."—"What must I eat oil for?" cries Shark gruffly, "I don't love it."—"Why oil would make you of a cheerful countenance."—This again set the table on a roar, at Shark's expence. But Shark observed, with great solemnity, that we ought

to be merry and *wise*.”—“ Well,” says the archbishop, “ but there’s a time for all things ; a time to weep, and a time to laugh.”—“ Yes,” rejoins the man of law, “ and a time to refrain from laughing, as *Solomon* says.”

“ *Solomon* says no such thing,” replies the archbishop.—“ No !” says Shark, “ I’ll lay a bowl of punch on that.”—The wager was laid, and the admiral said it might soon be decided ; “ for,” says he, “ I would as soon have gone to sea without a compass as without a bible. There lies the companion of all my voyages in the parlour window.”—“ No, no, that’s a common prayer book,” cries the archbishop.—“ Well, well, that’s all
the

the same," replies the admiral.—"I believe it is, to you or me, admiral," cries the captain; "for you never looked in either, but once on ship-board; and that was in the great storm in the Bay of Biscay, when you read the "Thanksgiving for the Churching of Women," instead of the "Prayers to be used at Sea."—This again raised an *unextinguishable* laugh, as Homer calls it.

The admiral gave us a very plentiful entertainment, though rather odd than elegant. The various dishes were dressed according to the various fashions of the different countries where the admiral had been stationed. The fish with water and salt, as they
sometimes

sometimes eat them in Holland; the fowls were smothered in rice, as they eat them in the Levant. Such a dish the admiral learnt upon the coast of Spain; another in Minorca, at Genoa, or Barcelona, and so forth. The company admired the foreign dishes; but most of them, I observed, dined upon a piece of old English roast beef at the bottom of the table.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE been thus minute in my account of this dinner, continued Eugenius, and the conversation that passed there (which, though near twenty years since, I perfectly remember) as a specimen of the whole round of entertainments, and of the manner in which this worshipful society (and indeed most of our country gentlemen) spent their time and money in our younger days.

The archbishop and captain Spindle, being both single men, gave each

of

of them a dinner, alternately, about once in a month.

The following week we dined with governor Howel, where every thing was conducted by Mrs. Howell with greater form and decorum. The side-board was set out with considerable splendor; the servants were more dextrous; and the conversation at table more chastised. But, after the ladies retired, the same licentious mirth and jocularity prevailed.

At the very extremity of the valley, an old mansion house had attracted my notice, which was situated on the side of the hill, and appeared rising out of a group of trees on a ridge of rocks; to which a modern building, with a bow-window,

window, had been added ; and which discovered a taste superior to any thing I had seen in the neighbourhood. Young Williams told me it was a Mr. Hamilton's, who had lately purchased a small estate there ; but as no one knew any thing of the family, and as they seemed to avoid any sort of intercourse with their neighbours—and had moreover encouraged poachers (which is high treason amongst sportsmen)—they were looked upon with an evil eye. Mr. Hamilton, he added, seemed a very gentleman-like man, and had called once or twice at his father's ; but I myself (said Williams) could not visit them without giving umbrage, and forfeiting the good-
will

will of our present neighbours in the valley.

About an hour after we had dined, however, the company was greatly surprised at the said Mr. Hamilton's being announced; who (the servant said) desired to speak with the gentlemen all together.

—This, you may be sure, produced “great searchings of heart,” and significant looks cast alternately upon each other.

Mr. Hamilton is at length introduced, and desired by the governor to take his seat.—He began, with a polite but reserved air, to make his speech; but was interrupted by the benevolent Dr. Daffy (the Momus of the

the company) who said it was contrary to the law of the Medes and Persians to make dry speeches; and pouring out a bumper of wine, desired Mr. Hamilton to drink, which the governor politely enforced. Mr. Hamilton, however, waved it, and said he had not dined; and added, besides, that he could not accept of any act of civility, while (as he understood) he laboured under the displeasure of the company for encouraging poachers.

The admiral immediately took up the affair with some warmth, and said he would not mince the matter; but that if there were two rogues in the parish, they were Cock-eyed Sam, and Slinking Joe, whom Mr. Hamilton, he

he found, constantly employed; and that those two fellows killed more hares than all the hounds in the country.

Mr. Hamilton replied, That if they were poachers, he did not make them so—That he had not had an hare in his house since he came into the neighbourhood—That when he first employed them, as labourers, he found their families were starving, and must soon have come upon the parish; whilst the two fathers were getting now and then an hare by stealth, and spending the money in public houses—That, since he had employed them, he took care that they carried home their money; and that in consequence their families now lived in greater plenty,

plenty, or at least did not want bread —That the men themselves, now they were constantly employed, were become more sober, as they were more industrious.

The archbishop said, he could vouch for the latter part of what Mr. Hamilton said, in regard to those men's families; and did not doubt but that the former part, with respect to the game, was equally true.

The governor said, he would take the gentleman's word for it; and *hoped*, for the future, they should be better neighbours;—and drank Mr. Hamilton's health.

Mr. Hamilton now took a sip of white wine and water, drank all their healths, and took his leave.

As

As soon as he was out of the room, the little captain kicked out his foot after him, by way of expressing his contempt; and damned all milkops, as not fit company for *gentlemen*: though it was the very character for which nature had formed his own slender carcase; for he had really almost demolished himself by an unnecessarily assumed rakishness, for which his constitution was by no means adapted.

Dr. Daffy observed, that Mr. Hamilton would ruin both the lawyers and physicians: for that he would never injure his health by drinking; nor, as it should seem, involve himself in lawsuits by altercation.

The admiral asked the doctor, Why he did not give him a little

Daffy's

Daffy's Elixir?—"No, no," says the doctor, "the gentleman is a very civil gentleman; if he had not, I'd have given him a *lick*, *Sir*."—"Bravo!" cried the governor.—"You had better have made an honest Welchman of him, and given him a *leek*, *Sir*," said the archbishop.—"Bravissimo," cries the governor again; "a bumper for the doctor, and two bumpers for the archbishop."—Thus every incident furnished occasion to this mirthful assembly for joking, laughing, and drinking.

The company, however, upon the whole, seemed pretty well satisfied with Mr. Hamilton's apology; and I believe they were afterwards upon

on more friendly terms; though Mr. Hamilton never entered into their round of entertainments.

C H A P. XII.

I SPENT near three weeks in the Golden Vale; more delighted however with strolling about at my ease with young Williams and his sisters, sometimes angling in the river, or botanizing in the woods—and more happy in the plain, simple way of life, which we lived with Mr. Williams and his wife, than with the ostentatious hospitality and boisterous mirth of those titular grandees.

Upon talking one day with old Mr. Williams, I was observing what

an advantage it must be to their neighbourhood, to have so much money spent amongst them ; and to have their poor people more constantly employed by so many gentlemen's families, which I found had settled there within these few years.

Mr. Williams shook his head, and said, that those whom Mr. Hamilton of late had employed constantly, were certainly become more sober and industrious ; but as for the rest, by going amongst the gentlemen's servants, and getting now and then some broken victuals, and too much liquor, for doing their work—and when they were employed by their masters occasionally, receiving perhaps a shilling
a-day

a-day instead of ten-pence, which was formerly their stipend — they have raised the price of labour; and as they can now sometimes get enough to keep their families from starving by two days work, they frequently spend the rest of the week at the ale-house; which the admiral has got licensed, to provide for an old servant, who keeps a very disorderly house. “In short,” says he, “their debauched servants, who only copy their masters examples, have corrupted the whole valley; which might more properly now be called the Brazen than the Golden Vale, as they have thought proper to name it.”

Upon my taking leave of Mr.

Williams's family, I thought it but civil (agreeably to the foolish custom which then prevailed) to salute the young ladies. Miss Judith very *prudently* gave me her cheek; but little Flora offered her ruby lips, and met me more than half way with a warmth that surprised me.

Indeed, continued Eugenius, I cannot but think the banishing this absurd method of taking leave of a common acquaintance, as one instance of the improved politeness of the present age, which I contend for.

Upon my word, said I, though you may think it a paradox, I should rather consider it as a mark of the improved licentiousness of the present age.

age. In the days of our ancestors, a kiss from a pretty woman was thought no small degree of luxury : but our young men, now-a-days, have generally, by the time they grow up, been admitted to greater freedoms with the sex ; and therefore think nothing more insipid than a formal salute before company : and this, perhaps, is the cause that the custom is grown obsolete.

Well, says Eugenius, this is an inference which I should not have expected from an omission of this piece of civility.

C H A P. XIII.

HAVING made a tour to Matlock and the Peak of Derbyshire, continued Eugenius, I returned to Oxford after the long vacation, with an intention of taking a degree, and engaging in one of the learned professions. But, by the death of an uncle who had been in trade in London, and who died unmarried, I found myself in possession of above 10,000 l. in the public funds; subject only to an annuity of twenty pounds a year to an old housekeeper of my uncle's.

Being

Being now quite my own master, and my mother consenting to it, I resolved to indulge my curiosity, in making the tour of Europe; which, however, I did in my own way—travelling in the public vehicles, and halting, wherever I found the country agreeable, in some cheap village, or provincial town—surveying, as a mere spectator, the manners of the people. At Geneva, and in Switzerland, I spent a whole year; and visited most of the parts of Italy which had been inhabited, or were described, by the classic writers: and returned home through part of Germany, and the towns on the Rhine, after almost four years absence.

Being in London the winter after my return from the Continent, one evening after the play, at Nando's Coffee-house, I was eating a Welch rabbit, as it is called (though why a piece of toasted cheese should be compared to a rabbit, rather than to a pork griskin, I cannot conceive) when, in the next box, a thin, genteel man exclaims to one that sate by him, "This is a confounded lye, to my knowlege; for I came out of North Wales but last Monday, and no such *inundation* had then taken place."

As the gentleman spoke this aloud, it gave me an opportunity of joining in the conversation. I took occasion to enquire something or other
about

about that part of Wales; and particularly, whether the gentleman knew a place called The Golden Vale. Upon which he said, that he had the honour to be an inhabitant of that beautiful spot.—The moment he said this, though his town dress and more accurate frisure made a considerable alteration in his appearance, I immediately recollected him to be Mr. Hamilton, whom I had seen only once at governor Howel's. He had not the least remembrance of me, having only seen me amidst that group of gentry: but upon my telling him that I had spent three weeks at Mr. Williams's, he then recollected that circumstance; but said, there had been a great revo-

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lution in that neighbourhood since the time I mentioned; and that the convivial society, which then inhabited the Golden Vale, were all dispersed and gone. This raised my curiosity; and upon my begging him to inform me of particulars, he answered:

That the governor, as they called him, partly for the education of his children, and partly from *prudential* motives, had taken a *small* house in Shrewsbury, and had lett his own, with the estate, to a farmer.

That the admiral, being a cripple with the gout, he believed was gone to settle in Bath.

That the archbishop had met with
an

an unlucky *accident*, and got his maid with child; and, as they heard, was settled upon a curacy in the north of Ireland.

That captain Spindle, not having a constitution for that jovial way of life, had been in a bad state of health, and put himself under the care of Dr. Daffy; who having made a new discovery in the dietetic branch of physic, would have taught Spindle to live without eating. But when the doctor assured him he had almost perfected his cure, death put an end to the experiment.

Chief Justice Shark had been employed to make captain Spindle's will; and finding Spindle had no *near* rela-

bition, thought he might *honestly* give his fortune to himself, as an intimate friend; which, by a little dextrous management, he easily effected. But the fraud being discovered by the heir at law, the poor chief justice was in Shrewsbury gaol for the forgery.

As for the facetious Dr. Daffy, Mr. Hamilton said, he still laughed and grew fat; but, he feared, was somewhat dropfically disposed, being troubled with a continual *thirst*, which no quantity of liquor could quench.

“Our only remaining neighbours of the Aborigines, or old inhabitants of the Vale,” continued Mr. Hamilton, “are your friend Williams’s family: though their eldest daughter is married,

ried, and the younger sent to school by her aunt somewhere near London; and your friend, young Williams, being in orders, now serves our parish church, and two more in the neighbourhood."

I was a little disconcerted at this strange revolution amongst my good friends of the Golden Vale, in so few years; and could not avoid reflecting upon the transient condition of human enjoyments, especially when not regulated by prudence, temperance, and moderation.

C H A P. XIV.

THE next morning, continued Eugenius, Mr. Hamilton and I met again at Nando's (which was then a coffee-house of genteel resort); and he himself having, in the younger part of his life, visited most parts of Europe, we became, by degrees, extremely intimate. I found Mr. Hamilton a man of universal reading and general knowledge. He was a polite scholar, as well as a polite man; and as enthusiastic an admirer of romantic

mantic prospects, and the beauties of nature, as myself; which, indeed, had induced him to purchase and settle in the Golden Vale, though the chief part of his property lay nearer the Metropolis.

A few days before Mr. Hamilton went out of town, he told me, one morning, that he was going to make a visit to old Mr. Williams's sister; who, I recollected, had married a rich tradesman in the city, but was now a widow; to whom Mr. Hamilton offered to introduce me, as a friend of her nephew's. Young Williams and I having kept up no correspondence for three or four years, I had no great curiosity to commence a new acquaint-

ance

ance of that kind: out of complaisance to Mr. Hamilton, however, I said I would accompany him.

When we got thither, we were taken by a smart footman into a genteel dining room; and the old lady, after a decent space of time, came in to us, attended by a young lady, in an elegant dishabille, of a most striking appearance, and polite address. I fixed my eyes upon her with such an ardent curiosity, as prevented her from lifting up her eyes towards me: but when she had the courage to look me in the face, her cheeks were instantly tinged with a crimson blush, which infinitely heightened her charms, and was expressive of the greatest sensibility.

Upon

Upon Mr. Hamilton's announcing my name, Mrs. Banks received me with great good-nature; and turning to the young lady, "You and Miss Flora," said she, "are old acquaintance, I believe." This intelligence was unnecessary, I imagine, with regard to the young lady; but not to me, who with the utmost astonishment beheld my little rural nymph, Flora Williams, whom not five years before I had seen a mere Welch mountaineer, transformed into one of the most accomplished *a wrong term* young women I had almost ever seen.

Upon my observing to Miss Williams, after some introductory conversation, how much she was grown, and
how

*Elegant we suppose the
Author means*

how greatly improved, since we went angling together in the Golden Vale; her aunt, who (having herself made a sudden transition from a narrow fortune to a very affluent one) was thoroughly sensible of the advantages and comforts attending her present situation, said, that young women, who had nothing but their *improvements* to depend upon, stood but a bad chance to get themselves husbands now-a-days: but, as she had no children of her own, she said she had adopted Flora Williams; and had not only given her a genteel education, but would give her something more substantial, *to make the pot boil.*

Poor

Poor Flora again blushed at her aunt's want of delicacy; neither was she much relieved by Mr. Hamilton's polite speech, That no man deserved Miss Williams, who did not think her fine person and accomplishments a sufficient or rather a most ample portion.

As Mr. Hamilton intended to return into the country in a day or two, he asked Mrs. Banks, whether she had any commands to her friends in Wales. She thanked him, but said she hoped to be there herself with her niece in a month's time.

When we had taken our leave, and were returning to our several engagements, Mr. Hamilton pressed me to go
and

and spend a month with him, and renew my acquaintance with the Dryads and Fauns of the Golden Vale.—Tho' I was sufficiently inclined to accept of Mr. Hamilton's invitation, yet I confess that the pleasure I proposed in renewing my acquaintance with Miss Flora Williams, operated more powerfully with me now, than those imaginary nymphs, and other poetical inhabitants, of that Arcadian scene.—However, I could not at present leave London; neither could I have gone to Mr. Hamilton's, so as to make that my principal visit, without appearing to slight my old friend Williams. But I promised him, that, as I should certainly go to my friend
Williams's

Williams's before the summer was over, I would not fail to spend a few days with Mr. Hamilton before I left Wales.

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I had now made an acquaintance
once with Mrs. Banks, and
received a very civil invitation to re-
visit my villa. I was by no means
ignorant of my attendance; and the
great I saw of Miss Williams, the more
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which she seemed to have acquired in
a few years.

I became every day more con-
vinced both with her person and
with the delicacy of her manners. But

C H A P. XV.

AS I had now made an acquaintance with Mrs. Banks, and received a very civil invitation to repeat my visits, I was by no means sparing of my attendance: and the more I saw of Miss Williams, the more I admired and was astonished at the knowledge of the world, and of books, which she seemed to have acquired in so few years.

I became every day more enamoured both with her person and with the delicacy of her manners. But
what

what made her improvement in the latter respect the more surprising, was, that although, during her recess from the boarding-school, she had conversed so much with her uncle and aunt (who, indeed, were good sort of people; but, by what I could learn of her late uncle, he was the very counterpart of his wife in the vulgarity of his ideas)—yet Flora Williams had kept her mind un sullied, and her sentiments untainted, by that intercourse. But as vulgar minds imbibe every thing that is mean and vulgar from those they converse with; so young people of natural delicacy, and a good taste, collect and appropriate every thing that is in the least amiable, or really valuable,

from the most exceptionable characters.

As Mrs. Banks left London about the end of June, I immediately found a kind of void in my breast, which made the town appear deserted: and about the middle of July, having made my mother a short visit, and previously informed young Williams of my intention to spend a week or fortnight with them, I set out for North Wales.

On my approach to the Golden Vale, I was surprised to see a great improvement in the roads. Those which before were hardly passable for a single horse, were now widened so as to be practicable for carriages of every kind:

kind: and where one hardly saw a traveller in a month, I now met several pack-horses, and two or three busy people, going to or coming from the Vale. And as soon as I had passed the ridge of rocks, which give a distant view of it, I saw several new cottages and other buildings lately erected; which, though they added little to the beauty of the prospect, gave it an appearance of cheerfulness and industry.

When I came to Mr. Williams's, I met with the same cordial reception which I had done in my former visit. I had also the pleasure of being tolerably well received by Mrs. Banks and Miss Flora Williams: though the

former, I found, as soon as ever she arrived, had been very inquisitive about my fortune.

Young Williams also informed me, as Mr. Hamilton had done before, that he himself served three churches in the neighbourhood, for the convenience of living with his father and mother ; and added, moreover, that being now upon an *intimate* footing with Mr. Hamilton's family (who, he said, were most amiable people) it rendered his situation every way desirable.

C H A P. XVI.

THE morning after my arrival, said Eugenius, young Williams sent his compliments to Mr. Hamilton and family, to inform them, that if they were disengaged, he and his sister would wait on them, and shew me the way to the South Rocks, which was the name of Mr. Hamilton's place.

When we got thither, we found the family in the room with the bow-window; not sitting in form, to expect us, you may suppose, but all differently

employed. Mrs. Hamilton, who was an elegant woman, apparently not much above forty, with two of her daughters who were grown up, were working at some finer sort of needle-work; and the youngest, who seemed about sixteen, was reading to them. Mr. Hamilton, with his younger son, who was a lad of fourteen, were studying the globes in a corner of the room.

Mr. Hamilton immediately quitted his pupil, and introduced me to the rest of the family. The youngest Miss Hamilton threw down her book, took Miss Williams by the hand, and seated her next herself, with great politeness and affability.

As Mr. Hamilton knew me to be a
passionate

E U G E N I U S. 101

passionate admirer of the Golden Vale, our conversation naturally turned upon the alteration which it had undergone since my former visit in that neighbourhood. I should have inveighed bitterly against the encroachments of art on the prerogative of nature,—and have condemned several aukward buildings and straight-lined garden walls which had been lately erected,—but young Williams had given me an hint of what Mr. Hamilton himself now began upon; that he had partly projected, and greatly encouraged, a manufactory of woollen stuffs, which were common in some other parts of Wales; and which employed the poor, raised the value of

their lands, and increased population, by finding a subsistence for several industrious families, who had by degrees settled in, or in the neighbourhood of, the valley. Mr. Hamilton himself, indeed, made a kind of apology for the uncouth and artificial appearance of those structures, to which he was as great an enemy as I could be; but that matters of taste should be only of secondary consideration, and must frequently give way to convenience and utility.

As soon almost as we were seated, I had caught the two eldest Miss Hamiltons surveying me and Miss Williams with great attention; and then casting an expressive look at each other,

other, as if they had marked us out as destined to a mutual attachment.

The Miss Hamiltons (especially Miss Caroline and Miss Louisa, the two youngest) were fine young women, but in a style of beauty very different from Flora Williams; proceeding in some measure, perhaps, from their different treatment in their infancy and in their tender years. As the latter had been suffered to run wild, and even sometimes to assist in their domestic employments, she had acquired, together with the bloom of high health, rather too ruddy a complexion; and a less delicate frame than the Miss Hamiltons, who had been confined to the nursery, or restrained to their morning and evening walks;

or dancing among themselves, which Mrs. Hamilton always encouraged, as an healthy and genteel exercise.

Miss Anne, the eldest Miss Hamilton, had something of stateliness and reserve, which pleased me less than the ease and freedom of the two youngest. But Williams assured me, that when better known, she was a charming young woman : and indeed I perceived that he was quite partial to Miss Hamilton.

When we took our leave, Mr. Hamilton said to young Williams, that although they never made formal visits, as he knew, they would come sometimes and take a walk in their part of the valley. "And," added he, "tho'

“tho’ you have deprived me of the pleasure of having your friend Eugenius for my guest, as I expected, I shall insist upon his spending part of his time at the South Rocks (so they called their house) as we can shew him several beautiful spots which we have discovered, unknown, perhaps, even to the natives of the Golden Vale.”

Young Williams replied, that he himself was obliged to go a journey for a few days, the following week; and, if agreeable, would resign his friend to their care for that time. Mr. Hamilton said; that would be particularly agreeable to them; as they expected their eldest son home from a tour which he had made in the north.

C H A P. XVII.

Story of Jenny Cradoc.

WHEN we first came to Mr. Hamilton's, we had seen an hired chaise in the yard, and as we now passed by the back parlour, we saw a middle-aged gentlewoman, and a very young girl with her, to whom Mrs. Hamilton seemed to listen with great attention. We had no opportunity of enquiring, at that time, who they were; but as young Williams made frequent visits at the South Rocks, he walked thither the next morning,

morning, and brought the following intelligence:

That the lady was governess of a boarding-school at Shrewsbury, where Miss Louisa Hamilton had gone to school for a year or two; and that knowing Mr. Hamilton's benevolent character, she had come to consult him and Mrs. Hamilton about this young girl, who had been Miss Louisa's school-fellow the whole time she was there. Her name was Jenny Cradoc, and she was the daughter of a very poor man and woman in some part of South Wales; who having several more children, had suffered this girl, when she was about eleven years old, and her sister, who was fifteen, to stroll and beg about the country.

They were both fine, well-grown girls; and going to the door of one Mr. Milesimus Jones, a country gentleman of good fortune, who, when he was in the prime of life, having lost a young wife, of whom he was fond to excess, could not bear to enter into any other connubial engagement; but becoming humble in his desires, had indulged himself in very low amours: and fixing his eyes upon the elder of these two girls, though in rags, had taken them both into the house; clothed them decently; took the elder, without much resistance, immediately to his bed; and sent the other to school at Shrewsbury:—with what intention will hereafter appear.

Mr.

Mr. Jones, however, though so licentious in one respect, had not a bad heart; but having no settled principle either of religion or morality, he acted from mere caprice, or as instinct prompted him. Though he had seduced the daughter, he provided for the father and mother, whom he settled in a small farm; and he came regularly, once or twice a year, and paid for Jenny Cradoc's board, and inspected her education: on which occasion the poor girl, who felt herself amongst strangers, would run to him as to a father, and caress him with the most affectionate fondness.

As she continued at school, however, above four years, and was now near
 sixteen

sixteen years old, Mr. Jones, in one or two of the last visits which he made her, talked to her in such a manner, and took such extraordinary freedoms with her person, as not only alarmed, but greatly shocked her; for, young as she was when she was first sent to school, she was not ignorant upon what footing her sister lived with Mr. Jones: and as the governess, who was a very good and worthy woman, had instilled very good principles into her tender mind, she could not reflect upon her sister's situation without a mixture of pity and detestation. She could not forbear, therefore, complaining to one of the teachers (who communicated it to the governess) of Mr.

ness

Jones's

Jones's behaviour to her; and Jenny Cradoc herself told the governess, that Mr. Jones intended, as soon as the quarter was expired, to send for her to his own house; whither, however, she added, she was determined, whatever should be the consequence, never to go.

The governess (who had long entertained some suspicions of Mr. Jones's bad intentions) upon this intelligence, talked to Jenny Cradoc further upon the subject, and asked her what course she intended to pursue. She replied, that she would go into the meanest service rather than return to Mr. Jones's, of whose wicked designs she had not the least reason to doubt. The

governess

governess encouraged her in this virtuous resolution; and said she would be upon her guard, if Mr. Jones should either come or send for her; and would endeavour to procure her a protection from their wicked attempts, if she thought it necessary. "But," says

she, "do you imagine your father and mother would not secure you from Mr. Jones's power?"

"Ah!" replies Miss Cradoc, "tho' my father, I know, was at first very angry with my sister for yielding to Mr. Jones's solicitations—yet as my mother was gained over entirely by his presents, and a promise to set them up in a small dairy farm, he was forced to submit, as my mother does whatever she pleases with my father."

Well,

Well, on the first of August, when Miss Cradoc's quarter ended, Mr. Jones sent her mother in a post-chaise to pay for her board, and bring her away.—She was a bold, masculine woman ; and, as soon as the governess appeared, said she was come to fetch away her daughter, and to *pay her bill*. The governess said, Miss Cradoc should wait upon her immediately.—“ Well, but first let me have your *bill* ; I have got money to pay it,” said Mrs. Cradoc.—“ I don't doubt,” said the governess, “ if you come from Mr. Jones, but that you can discharge such a *trifle* as Miss Cradoc's account.”—“ *Such a trifle*, do you call it ? I think fourteen pounds a-year, for a little victuals

victuals and drink, is no such *trifle*; and our Jenny has a poor stomach; and would never eat much flesh meat.”—

The governess smiled at the woman's meanness and ignorance, rung the bell, and bade the maid send in Miss Cradoc.

As soon as the mother saw her, “Come,” says she, “pack up your things;—you have had schooling enough;—it is time you should *do something* now: but you are too fine, I suppose, to live with us; you must go and keep the squire's house, as your sister did.”—“Why, Madam,” says Miss Cradoc, “if my sister is his housekeeper, what use can I be of?”—“O ho!” says Mrs. Cradoc, “your

sister has a house of her own to keep now ; she is married to a topping *pot-ty-cary*, and lives like a queen.”—

“ Well, Madam,” replies Jenny Cradoc, “ I should be glad to live with *you* and my *father*, but I will never go to live with Mr. Jones.”—This spirited answer provoked the mother so much, that her eyes struck fire, and she gave her daughter a box on the ear; and would have repeated her violence, if the governess had not rung the bell again, and bade the maid take care of Miss Cradoc; who (as the plan had previously been laid) conducted her out at the garden gate to an old lady of fortune in the town, to whom the governess had related her situation ;

tion; and who, from mere compassion, was determined, if possible, to save a young creature from destruction.

Mrs. Cradoc now paid the bill (to which the governess had no objection) and said her daughter should not stay a moment longer in a house, where she was taught to fly in her mother's face, and disobey her parents.

The governess being now alone with the mother, told her that she was not ignorant of the manner in which her other daughter had lived with Mr. Jones; and that her daughter Jane was so thoroughly convinced of his wicked intentions with regard to herself, that she had put herself under the protection of a rich and powerful family.

mily in Shrewsbury; and would never consent to go to Mr. Jones's, and submit to the scandalous way of life in which her sister had lived; but would sooner go into the meanest service, or even beg her bread, than get a livelihood by the sacrifice of her innocence and virtue.

This speech made the old lady outrageous, who said she would make the governess produce her daughter, or stand to the consequences;—that if *she* had not money to go to law, 'squire Jones had, and he would not mind a thousand pounds to do her justice. "Here," says she, "we have hired a *po-sbay*, and I am come forty miles to fetch my own daughter, to no purpose!—

pose! — But,” says she, “if she is in the house, I’ll fetch her down stairs, and let any body stop her at their peril!”

The governess assured her that she was not any longer in the house; but had gone out, and voluntarily withdrawn herself, to avoid the effects of her resentment; as Miss Jenny was too big to be treated in that manner.

This put Mrs. Cradoc in such a rage, that the governess began to fear she would treat her in the same manner she had done her daughter. She therefore again called the servant, and asked Mrs. Cradoc whether she would refresh herself with a bit of bread and a glass of wine. But she answering in
the

the same indignant style, the governess then said, she would order her post-chaise, if she would give her leave.

In short, after a great deal of storming, and dreadful menaces of law and vengeance, she marched off alone as she came.

The governess, however, being apprehensive, that as the young girl was committed to her care by Mr. Jones, he might legally demand her at her hands—or that he might himself come, and perhaps take her by force—she, as I observed, having long known Mr. Hamilton's generous spirit, and that he took a pleasure in assisting the distressed, had brought over Jenny Cradoc, and consulted him how to act.—

He

He advised her to leave her with them, as she would be concealed from their enquiries in his retired situation; and said, the governess, he thought, had nothing to fear, as the young woman was of an age to judge for herself, and had voluntarily withdrawn herself from her mother's ill usage.—This was the intelligence which young Williams brought from Mr. Hamilton's.

C H A P. XVIII.

IT was impossible for a young man, as I then was, continued Eugenius, to be under the same roof, and to converse daily, with Flora Williams, and not to yield to the solicitations of desire, excited by so lovely a person ; or not to feel a more delicate passion, inspired by the sweetness of her disposition, and simplicity of her manners. And, at the same time, I had some reason to flatter myself that Miss Flora, even from our first acquaintance, had conceived an early

partiality in my favour. As young Williams, therefore, could not but have observed the symptoms of a mutual passion between us, I thought it best to make him a confidant, and to consult him on this affair; whom I had before acquainted with the considerable addition which had been made to the slender fortune which I should inherit from my parents. — He said I might be assured of his best wishes; and that I was so great a favourite with his father and mother, that I should meet with no difficulty on their part. — “But,” added he, “as my sister is entirely dependant on my aunt for the chief part of her fortune, she will of course be quite at her disposal:

fal: and I am afraid," says Williams, "my aunt is greatly prepossessed in favour of some young merchant in London."

This threw a sudden damp upon my hopes; as I had often met a young man, one Mr. Jonathan Scrip, at Mrs. Banks's, with whom I had of course made some little acquaintance. But though I knew he was a youth of considerable expectations (being nephew to a rich broker of *that name*) I knew also that he was not out of his apprenticeship by some years; and, as I thought young Scrip neither of a person or understanding to please a girl of Miss Williams's spirit and good taste, I had never viewed him with

a jealous eye, or suspected him for a rival.

I was determined, however, as I found I had friends in the family, to make the best use of my time while I was in the country ; and endeavour to make a lodgment in the fortress of Flora's heart, which her good aunt should not find it an easy matter, with all her artillery of prudential maxims, or her pompous display of mercantile grandeur, to dislodge.

C H A P. XIX.

The Farm Yard.

ONE afternoon young Williams, Miss Flora, and myself took a walk of three miles to visit their elder sister, who had married a wealthy farmer, a Mr. Owen, with about an hundred pounds a year free land.

When we came near the house, Miss Flora would have run before, to apprise her sister of our approach; as she said we should certainly find her in a dishabille. To this, however, I

G 3 would

would by no means consent, as I wished to see my old acquaintance transformed into a farmer's wife.

When we came to the gate, I looked over, and saw what was to me a very pleasing *picture*, in the style of Berghem.

The maid was milking the cows under the shade of an old elm, where the patient animals were assembled, gently ruminating, and waiting in their turns to be eased of their salubrious burthen :—a little boy and girl were feeding the poultry ; and in a chair at the door Mrs. Owen was sitting, with a Madona air, hanging over and suckling her child.

If the ladies were thoroughly sensible
of

of the beauty of that attitude—and the infinite advantages, both to themselves and to their children, of that *indispensable* duty—one would think it impossible for them to resign that pleasure to a mercenary woman; who may (and I fear often does) communicate disease and bad temper to the most healthy infants.

Though Mrs. Owen retained nothing more of her boarding-school education than the gold wires in her ears,—yet, thus properly employed, she appeared to me superior to a lady of the first rank, dressed out at a rout or a card-table.

Mrs. Owen started up at the sight of us, covering her bosom, and gather-

ing up her hair, which hung in ringlets over her neck; and ran in to adjust her dress.

Flora Williams began to make apologies for her sister, as she had three children to take care of, and a dairy to inspect, and manage a large family, and the like.

My dear Miss Williams, said I, don't you yet know me better? that I am a zealous and constant votary of nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of all her operations and productions?—How beautiful is each motion and attitude of these animals!—the hen, anxious to point out the grain to her infant progeny—the playful gambols of those heifers, and their unaffected
surprise

surprise at the approach of strangers.— I had rather see you, Flora, lovely as you now are, in the same situation with your sister, than dressed for the play or the Lady Mayoress's ball. She was employed virtuously and with *propriety*, which is always pleasing.—If I were to fall in love with a cook maid, it would be when she was beating up the fire with her poker, or winding up the jack ; and not when she was stuck out on a Sunday with her fan and scoured silk gown, and studying airs at the parlour looking-glass.

Mrs. Owen now appeared, and gave us some tea, and a quart bowl of cream strewed with brown sugar. But the most delicious treat I enjoyed,

while young Williams walked out to look after his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Owen was busy with her family, was half a quarter of an hour's *tête à tête* with Flora Williams.—After fixing a day for Mrs. Owen to bring her children to her father's, we took our leave, and had a delightful walk home. In the company of a friend, and of so amiable a female companion, the mere clouds, gilded by the setting sun—the purple tint of the mountains—the stillness of the evening, sweetly enlivened by the thrilling notes of the nightingale—all conspired to produce that tranquillity of soul, which is the height of human felicity.

C H A P. XX.

EARLY on the next Monday morning, young Williams set out on his journey:—and as Miss Williams and myself had risen to take leave of him, I had luckily the pleasure of being again half an hour alone with her; when the chief subject of our conversation was my removal to Mr. Hamilton's, which was settled to take place that day, before dinner. I saw, with a mixture of pleasure and concern, some sparks of jealousy in poor Flora, though concealed under an affected in-

difference.—“ I wish my aunt would come down to breakfast,” cried Miss Williams.—“ You are impatient for your tea then,” said I.—“ No, I am not impatient; but you will be impatient, I suppose, to be gone to Mr. Hamilton’s.”—“ Ah, Flora,” said I, “ why are you so disingenuous as to suppose that I should wish to leave my present enchanting situation ?”—“ Nay,” said she, “ it does not concern me in the least: you know your principal motive for coming into the country, was to make a visit to Mr. Hamilton; and certainly their family, and style of life, must be much more agreeable to your taste than the way which we live in: and, *to be sure*, Mr.

and

and Mrs. Hamilton are very polite, sensible people.”—“ You say nothing of the *young* ladies then,” said I.—Poor Flora blushed; and the maid, luckily coming into the room with the preparations for breakfast, relieved her from a slight distress, and put an end to our confabulation.

As I felt a reluctance in quitting, even for a few days, the happy residence of Miss Williams, I did not set out to Mr. Hamilton’s till towards the middle of the day.—As I was taking leave of Mr. Williams’s family, Mrs. Banks, in her good-natured, vulgar way, bade me take care of my heart; for that I was going amongst some very fine young ladies;—“ and
great

great fortunes too, I suppose—at least they ought to be so,” continued she, “for I believe they know more of music and dancing, than how to cut out a shift, or to make a pudding.”

While Mrs. Banks was running on thus, I mechanically caught a side view of Miss Flora, whose eyes were cast down; and I answered, that a traveller, who had no money to lose, need not be afraid of robbers; which I believe every one, except Miss Williams, looked upon as words of course, nor suspected any latent meaning.

Though I speak of Mrs. Banks as a good-natured, vulgar woman, she had naturally the good sense of the family.

mily. But her mind was perverted by prosperity; and she had no idea of happiness, but in affluence and some degree of splendour:—and, conscious of her own importance, she assumed a privilege, on all occasions, of uttering sentiments which made her conversation much less pleasing than the plain sense and simplicity of her brother Williams, which had a propriety adapted to his rank in life.

When I came to Mr. Hamilton's, I found the family employed in much the same manner as when we made our morning visit; with only the addition of the eldest son, who had come the preceding night.—He seemed a genteel and good-natured young man;
and

and had taken up the book, and was reading to his mother and his three sisters.

The Sun being at its meridian height, and the weather particularly hot, we could not walk before dinner; but Mr. Hamilton took that opportunity of shewing me his house, and the improvements which he had made about it, in the seven years since he had settled there. The house itself was not large; but whatever conveniences were wanted, he had run them up in an irregular manner. Yet the whole formed a group of buildings, though less pleasing on a near view, yet more agreeable at a distance, than a regular modern structure; being situated
amongst

amongst trees, on the point of a rock, in a very striking, picturesque manner.

The chief apartments were the salon, the library, and two parlours.

The salon was the large room where they generally sat; which, as it commanded a rich landscape from the bow-window, and wanted no internal ornament, was furnished only with *useful* maps of the best kind—a general one of the whole world, and its four great divisions; and particular maps of the different nations of Europe.

The library, though not large, was well stored with a select number of the most original writers; as also with histories, and books of travels—and
with

with biographical dictionaries, and chronological tables.

A large parlour was adorned with a collection of good prints : but instead of the legendary stories which employ the pencils of too many of our best painters, it consisted principally of the heads of men famous in every age and nation for genius or learning, arts or arms ; with a brief history of each, engraved, or written with a pen, on the lower margin.

A smaller parlour, on the back part of the house, which had no prospect from the windows, was enlivened with a few pleasing landscapes ; most of them originals, the rest copied from tolerable masters.

I have

I have been the more particular in describing the several apartments, on account of the use Mrs. Hamilton made of them, in varying occasionally their domestic scene.

When we came to table, continued Eugenius, Mrs. Hamilton said she would leave it to Mr. Hamilton to make her apologies, as he would not suffer her to make any addition to her dinner on my account.

Mr. Hamilton said, he should not have taken the liberty of inviting me to his house, if he had not previously formed an opinion of my being enough of a philosopher to relish their simple manner of life. — “ You will see a great uniformity in our
bill

bill of fare," added he, "every day. We have always fish, or soup—a joint of meat—and either a pudding, or something analogous to a pudding; I mean tarts, cheesecakes, or blanc-mange, &c.—Mrs. Hamilton, whatever she may pretend, has added to-day, which on account of your arrival we consider as a *festival*, a single dish—which is that couple of ducks.—For you must know," added Mr. Hamilton, "in order to make some little variety in our retired plan of life (without which every plan of life would become insipid) we are great observers of *festivals*. But, instead of a Popish, or even a Protestant calendar, we have formed a domestic calendar

lendar of our own: and I celebrate my daughter Anne's, or Caroline's, or Louisa's birth-days, with more joy and true devotion, than a good Catholic does Saint Catherine's, Saint Agnes', or Saint Barbara's, or any of their martyred or cloystered virgins. And by keeping my three daughters and my two sons birth-days—mine and Mrs. Hamilton's wedding-day—with two or three more anniversary festivals, we contrive once a month, or oftener, agreeably to vary the otherwise regular uniformity of our days.

“But none of our domestic festivals afford us a more agreeable variety,” added Mr. Hamilton, with his usual politeness, “than the arrival of
a friend,

a friend, or a stranger, of liberal sentiments, and a cultivated taste."

Notwithstanding the little apologies which Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton thought proper to hint, our dinner consisted of every thing the best in its kind—fish well dressed, good mutton, and excellent fallads, and other garden stuff—fruit pies, and the like. And Mr. Hamilton made a point of drinking the best wines, of the sort, that could be procured.

When we took our evening walk, the first object that engaged our attention, was the alteration which the buildings appendant on the manufactory had introduced in the Vale; upon which subject Mr. Hamilton

himself

himself thought proper a little to expatiate.

He repeated, what he had before observed, that no one was a greater admirer of the beauties of nature than himself; and that his principal motive for purchasing the little estate and mansion where he lived, was the richness of the prospect, and the picturesque scenes which the country afforded.—“But,” says he, “I found this and the neighbouring vallies peopled by a set of wretched, idle, unemployed, and of course thievish inhabitants; many of whom had been rendered more dissolute and corrupt by the gentlemen who lately inhabited the Golden Vale. Yet, upon trial, I found

found that these poor people might easily be civilized, and converted to useful members of society: there were plenty of hands; and their labour, I knew, would be cheap.—Having, therefore, some knowledge of a very enterprising young man, in a neighbouring county, who had been bred to the business, I proposed the scheme to him, of setting up a manufactory of woollen stuffs, such as are carried on in other parts of Wales;—in which project I have assisted and encouraged him, and I do not doubt but he will succeed.

“ He is also a sort of factor for the poor people that subsist by knitting; and as he gives them ready money for the

the product of their labour, it encourages them to be industrious, and pays him good interest for his money.

“In short, these poor creatures, who were before idle and dirty, and starving amidst these fruitful vales, are now well fed and well clothed, and live in health and plenty; and what is more, are brought to an habit of sobriety and honesty.

“My eldest son, who is of rather an indolent turn, being born to a competence, was not inclined to follow any profession. But seeing me very intent upon this project, he seems quite happy in encouraging and inspecting it, and even makes it his amusement and hobby-horse: and instead of gambling at

Arthur's or Newmarket, has actually ventured two hundred pounds, out of his annual allowance, in the manufactory.

“By this means, though I am not dazzled with the honour of seeing him make any figure in parliament, or any public civil employment, or elevated situation,—which are often attended with continual vexation, envy, or disappointment,—I have the satisfaction of seeing him live soberly and virtuously under my own eye, and adding to the domestic happiness of my family.—For,” added Mr. Hamilton, “though it may seem ridiculously romantic in this age, I have often thought that it contributed greatly to the

the felicity of the patriarchal or pastoral ages, that their children grew up and spent their days in the neighbourhood, if not under the roof, of their parents, and were not violently separated or rather torn from their embraces by ambitious or avaricious pursuits. **A**or driven by war or commerce into remote regions—lost and dead to the endearments and caresses of their friends and their family connections.”

When we met at breakfast the next morning, I was a little surprised to see Mr. Hamilton with a Common Prayer Book; and the whole family summoned to attend, while he read, in a very devout

C H A P. XXI.

AS I am giving you the history of a family, continued Eugenius, whom I have mentioned as *one instance*, out of many with whom I am acquainted, of the improved morality of the times, I shall accordingly be very minute in my account of their oeconomy and manner of life.

When we met at breakfast the next morning, I was a little surpris'd to see Mr. Hamilton with a Common Prayer Book ; and the whole family summon'd to attend, while he read, in a very
devout

devout manner, *The General Confession*,
The Collect for Grace, *The Prayer for all*
Mankind, *The General Thanksgiving*, and
 concluding with *The Lord's Prayer* :
 the whole of which, however, took
 up less than ten minutes.

As, in talking of the state of religion
 on the Continent, I had heard Mr.
 Hamilton express himself with great
freedom on that subject, I could not
 forbear taking notice, when we were
 alone together, of what I thought a
 mere tribute to decent appearances.
 —Why, said I, you put me in
 mind of “*Decorum's* eldest son,” as
 Churchill expresses it. I am glad to
 see a custom revived, which I thought
 was banished from every genteel family
 in England.

their pious courses; or display his genius for paradoxes, or propagate his refined speculations, at the expence of his *weaker* brethren, and the peace of society."

He added, that he had observed through life, that in general people of the best sense, or at least of the greatest candour and benevolence, were the least troublesome to others with their religious scruples; and that he thought the Pythagorean precept, of *worshipping* according to the ritual established by law, the best and safest rule to proceed upon.

As laws prescribe, your pious homage pay;

The safest road to heaven's the turnpike
way *,

ANONYM.

* Αθανάτης μὲν πρῶτα Θεός, νόμῳ ὡς διακρίται,
Τίμα. —

ΠΥΘΑΓ. Aur. Carm.

H 4

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton generally allotted an hour for breakfast, which was in a very elegant style: after which one of the young ladies read one, or sometimes two papers, if the subject required it, in the Spectator, Guardian, Adventurer, or some other moral and entertaining writer; by which means they had gone over most of the best essay writers in the English language. Then Miss Louisa, the youngest, gave us a lesson upon the harpsichord, accompanied by her own and her eldest sister's voices: during which Miss Caroline was finishing a landscape in water colours, in which she greatly excelled; as I was convinced by her producing, at Mr. Hamilton's request,

request, her collection from her portfolio.

The three Miss Hamiltons were most amiable young women; but the eyes, the complexion, and whole person of the youngest, in particular, were uncommonly striking: and nothing but a prior attachment, such as mine to Flora Williams, could have secured me against the united force of so many charms and polite accomplishments. But, indeed, I should have thought it rather a piece of presumption, in a person of my slender fortune, to have aspired to a lady bred up in so superior a style.

C H A P. XXII.

SOON after breakfast, continued Eugenius, Mr. Hamilton proposed a general walk to some part of the valley which I had not yet seen : but Mrs. Hamilton said she was particularly engaged that morning to visit one of her schools, as her daughters were the others ; and young Mr. Hamilton said he had some business with Mr. Jackson, the master of the manufactory ; and as the younger son had left school, and was under Mr. Hamilton's tuition, preparatory to his going to the University,

University, Mr. Hamilton had set him his morning lecture; so that he and I walked alone.

As we were passing by the house-keeper's room, we saw a very pretty girl (who I found was one of the house-maids, and had lately come into the family) that had her eyes red with crying, and was talking to Mrs. Catchup, the housekeeper, and rummaging her pocket, pulling out her housewife, her thimble, and a bit of sealing-wax, to search after another sixpence, as we learned, in order to pay eighteen-pence for a China plate which had *slipped out of her hand*, and was unluckily broken. The poor girl, it seems, had lately come from a farm-

house, where that kind of restitution was rigorously exacted.

The housekeeper affected to look angry ; but said, it was not the custom in her master's family, unless it appeared to be extreme carelessness ; yet told her she must be more cautious for the future, or it would not be so slightly passed over.

When we were alone—"Poor girl!" cries Mr. Hamilton, "how easily might we have freed her from her embarrassment, if it had been proper for me to interfere in the housekeeper's province ; or, rather, at how cheap a rate might we have purchased a luxurious treat!—Eighteen-pence would have made us as happy as it would have
done

done the poor girl in her distressed situation.

“And indeed,” continued Mr. Hamilton, “how happy might half the world be, if half the world understood their own real interest; and practised the precepts, I will not say of the gospel, but of humanity !

“Here’s a poor man arrested, for instance—dragged from his family—his wife in hysterics—his children (unconscious of the cause) crying for bread. And what is the poor man’s crime ? Why, in order to supply his family with food of some kind (which he could not do by his utmost endeavours) he has run five pounds, perhaps, in the baker’s debt, who throws
him

him into gaol; where he must lie, miserable in himself and useless to society, for want of a sum which, perhaps, the squire of his parish, or rather his lady and daughters, are spending in London, in a single day; he dining at a tavern, with his *friends*, at a guinea a head; and she and her daughters going to the Pantheon at half a guinea a head, and dressed by an hair-dresser at the same price.

“Now how exquisite a pleasure (the consciousness of which would afford them comfort for their whole lives) might this family of Wrongheads have enjoyed, at the expence of one day’s amusement in the giddy circle of folly and dissipation!”

Why

Why I have sometimes thought, said I, that if the noblemen or gentlemen, who inherit the estates which once belonged to the monasteries, would but act as those monasteries did, and could be prevailed upon to enter into a voluntary agreement to relieve the poor, each in a circle round them proportionable to their fortune, there would hardly be a family in the whole kingdom sensible of any remarkable distress.

Mr. Hamilton, smiling, replied, "Don't you perceive, Eugenius, that what you talk of doing by a *voluntary agreement*, every man possessed of real property is obliged to do by the laws of the land; I mean, to make
a pro-

a provision for the poor. But if gentlemen could be prevailed upon to supply the ordinary wants and necessities of human life, without labour, to all around them—so many would rely upon the assistance of others, that they would do nothing for themselves; and all the common business of life would be at a stand. The best conducted charity is to *employ* the poor, and bring them to an habit of industry, which will be a constant fund for their support.

“One thing,” continued Mr. Hamilton, “I am convinced of by experience—That it is extremely wrong, by a capricious act of generosity or charity, to take people from the way of life to
which

which they have been accustomed, or to inspire them with notions above their sphere ; a ludicrous instance of which I'll venture to relate.

“ When I first settled in this country,” said Mr. Hamilton, “ as I was returning home one very cold evening from our little sea-port, I saw a poor woman sitting at the foot of the bridge with a basket of gingerbread ; and, upon her importuning me to lay out *one half-penny* with her, I enquired how much her whole *stock* had cost her.— ‘ Ah ! God bless you, master,’ says she, ‘ it cost a great deal of money. If I live till next Saturday night, I am to pay two-and-twenty-pence for this one basket of gingerbread ; and I have
fold

fold but one poor two-penny-worth in
wood days!"

"Here it immediately struck me,
how happy I could make this poor
creature at a small expence. I there-
fore gave her half a crown for her
whole cargo; and made my servant
put it into his basket, and distribute it
occasionally amongst the children in
our village."

"And what was the consequence of
your charitable purchase?" said I.

"Why you shall hear:—About a
month after, I had the curiosity to
enquire what was become of my little
tradeswoman at the bridge-foot: and
was informed that she had *retired* from
business, had deserted her usual *station*,

bio?

and

and went begging about the country.—After so sudden and unexpected an influx of wealth, it seems, she could no longer submit to the slow returns of a regular retail trade, to which she had been accustomed, and on which she had subsisted for some years."

C H A P. XXIII.

AS we saw the ladies at a distance, continued Eugenius, going down to a little hamlet which seemed but lately erected, I asked Mr. Hamilton, what kind of schools they were which Mrs. Hamilton mentioned?—He said, that which his daughters were going to visit, was a common dame's school, where the children of both sexes were taught to read, till they were able to do some kind of work suitable to their different destinations—the boys to labour, and the

the girls to knit or spin; which they were taught to do at the other school, which Mrs. Hamilton was gone to inspect: where also they were improved in sewing and needle-work, and qualified for servants, as well as to spin or knit for Mr. Jackson. The latter school, Mr. Hamilton added, supported itself by the work they performed; and the poor woman, who taught the children to read, thought herself well paid by an annual stipend, less than the wages of an additional footman would be to Mrs. Hamilton. "But Mrs. Hamilton," added he, "in her morning walk, will visit a poor sick woman or two, who want some little assistance: though she never ventures

to prescribe, any further than a little mint-water, or the like, but agrees with Doctor Daffy, for a small stipend, to keep the poor people in repair; which he does the more reasonably, as he is convinced that I know, as well as he does, how few drugs are necessary for strong country constitutions."

As I was satisfied with Mr. Hamilton's account of the manufactory, and as he himself took no further pleasure in it, than as an useful institution—instead of following the ladies down to the hamlet, which was chiefly inhabited by weavers, spinsters, and knitters, Mr. Hamilton took me to one or two points of view on the opposite

side of the hills; where the South Rocks (his house) made a very picturesque object; realizing, in some measure, Milton's idea—

Tow'rs and battlements it sees,

Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Milton's conjecture, at least, in the following lines, was strongly confirmed :

Where perhaps some *beauty* lies,

The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

I was struck with the prospect of another tolerable house, at about a mile distance, on a rising ground a little above the river, with a court before it, and shaded by a fine back ground of lofty elms; but did not recollect,

till

till Mr. Hamilton told me, that it was admiral Bembo's mansion, as they called him.

Mr. Hamilton observed, that it was a pretty place of the kind; and said, moreover, that as the admiral's wife was supposed to be in a decline, and he himself was so often confined with the gout, and had no children, if Mrs. Bombketch should die, the farm would most probably be sold; as the admiral had settled there chiefly on his wife's account.

As, upon intelligence of this kind, one's thoughts turn naturally upon ourselves, and examine how *that* might suit *us*, which another wants to part with; it instantly occurred to me, that

if

if a certain event should take place, which I had begun to think seriously of, I should be very happy to meet with such a purchase. I therefore begged Mr. Hamilton, if what he conjectured should come to pass, he would inform me of it; which he politely assured me would give him the greatest pleasure, as he should be extremely happy in such a neighbour.

On our return from our walk, Mr. Hamilton asked his son George, if he had made himself master of what he had set him?—then stroking the youth's head in an affectionate manner, bade him take his gun, or amuse himself as he liked best, for an hour before dinner.

You and your pupil, said I, seem to be mutually pleased with each other; and I dare say you are as happy in communicating, as he is in receiving, your instructions and assistance.

Delightful task! (cried I) to rear the infant thought,

To teach the *young idea* how to *shoot*,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.

"Thompson," cries Mr. Hamilton, "had better have said,

To teach the young *Adonis* how to *shoot*,
or any thing, rather than '*idea* how to *shoot*.' I have hardly seen a treatise on education these twenty years,"
continued

continued he, " which does not quote those lines with approbation : and yet, if an *idea* is only the image or representation of some one object, with precision, to the mind ; the teaching it to *shoot* or extend its branches beyond the thing it was designed to represent, is surely absurd and palpable nonsense. Thomson's intention, however, in these lines, is amiable, and his meaning obvious.

It was near dinner time when the young ladies came home, who were surprised to find that Mrs. Hamilton was not returned before them ; as *they* had taken a longer walk than they intended. Miss Louisa, however, told us that she had engaged her fairy at-

tendants for to-morrow ; which I considered as some joke which I was not to understand.

As their usual time of dining was now past near half an hour, and Mrs. Hamilton not yet arrived, we began to be a little alarmed ; and Mr. Hamilton was going to dispatch a servant to enquire after her, when she appeared at the door, attended by one of Mr. Jackson's workmen. She threw herself into an arm-chair, greatly fatigued ; and upon Mr. Hamilton's asking her, with surprise and concern, why she looked so pale, and where she had been ?—" Oh ! Mr. Hamilton," cried she, " do not be angry : but notwithstanding our cruel resolution, I have
been

been visiting poor Fanny Davis ; and have beheld *such* a scene !—That vile wretch, governor Howel's butler, has added murder to his other villanies ; and I hope he will never return from transportation, unless it is to be hanged. There is poor Fanny's mother, and herself and child, almost starved to death :—the mother is past recovery ; but Doctor Daffy's journeyman, whom I sent for, will try what can be done."

"Well, my dear," says Mr. Hamilton, "you are too much fatigued already, and dinner has waited for some time ; we will therefore defer your melancholy narrative till we have dined!"

Mrs. Hamilton then said she would

go and dispatch Mr. Jackson's man, as he was to carry some broth and other provisions to Fanny Davis.—And while she was out of the room, Mr. Hamilton told me, continued Eugénus, that Fanny Davis had been Mrs. Hamilton's own maid—That she was born in that neighbourhood, where her father had rented a small farm; and having only that daughter, had got her to be an half boarder at Shrewsbury school: but he being afterwards reduced, Fanny had got a genteel service in London, where Mrs. Hamilton first met with her—That she was always a modest, well-disposed girl; till, in spite of her mistress's prohibition, she had kept company with

Mr.

Mr. Howel's butler, who had seduced her by a sham marriage; having before married two other women, for which he was transported.

"We were so angry with her," continued Mr. Hamilton, "that we not only turned her away, but Mrs. Hamilton thought it proper to forbid her the house; and I have heard nothing of her for this twelvemonth. But I suppose she has lived with her mother at the little hamlet on the side of the hill, called the Hawthorns, which you see just above the sea-port, whither I suppose Mrs. Hamilton has walked; no wonder, therefore, that she is so greatly fatigued."

As soon as we had dined, Mr. Ha-

milton desired to hear the particulars of Fanny Davis's distress; which Mrs. Hamilton, being full of the subject, was impatient to relate.

"The mistress of the spinning house," said Mrs. Hamilton, "had told me how very bad Fanny's mother was; and that it was supposed Fanny had spent all her wages to support her, and was herself now very much distressed: and she added, that it would be an act of great charity in me to send her some relief, though she certainly had been guilty of much indiscretion.

"I was so affected with the woman's account," continued Mrs. Hamilton, "that I immediately set out, attended by one of Mr. Jackson's men,

and walked, or rather ran, to the Hawthorns.

“ When I entered the house,” continued she, “ I saw the mother half raised in the bed, and poor Fanny supporting her with one hand, and with the other feeding her with some bread and water boiled together; while her own child was lying in her lap, and sucking a crust of bread to keep it from crying;—herself quite emaciated, with her hair dishevelled, and every thing expressive of the utmost grief and distress.

“ At the sight of me (oh! I cannot bear to think that one frail creature should stand in such awe of another!) poor Fanny, hugging her infant in her bosom,

bosom, threw herself on her knees at my feet; and seizing one of my hands, and bathing it with her tears, begged me to forgive her, and then she should die in peace.

“ I raised her from the ground, and told her I was not come to chide, but to assist her; and made her return to the care of her mother.

“ I found the poor woman so weak, that, at the sight of me, she had actually fainted away. We raised her up, and applied my smelling bottle to her nostrils, which soon revived her. I desired her to make herself easy; that I was come to assist them, and was sorry I had not known before that she had been so ill.

“ I imme-

“ I immediately sent Mr. Jackson’s man to Dr. Daffy’s, and bade him bring some cordial medicine, or rather some white wine, and a loaf of white bread, and whatever else he could expeditiously procure.

“ I waited near an hour before Daffy’s jou neyman came; who brought an analectic electuary, as he called it, and a pint of white wine, as I desired him; of which, with a slice of bread toasted, I gave her a glass, in preference to the doctor’s analectic or restorative medicine: but he pronounced her almost beyond the reach either of food or of physic.

“ Poor Fanny had a book lying by her, which I found to be Mrs. Chappone’s

pone's Miscellanies, which I had given her; and the poor creature had been reading the story of *Fidelia*. But God knows whether she might not have been tempted to imitate *Fidelia* in her desperate resolution of destroying herself, rather than in her repentance, if I had not been providentially made acquainted with her distress, and gone to her relief*."

We

• A scene of this kind discovered lately to the benevolent Mr. B. and that soul of sensibility Mrs. H. M—re, the ingenious and virtuous Bristol milk-woman; whom they have nobly relieved, and placed above want, by the assistance of Lady B—, Mrs. M—t-gue, and other friends; and have left her in a situation

We dined to-day, continued Eugenius, in the print-room, in the presence of all the heroes, philosophers, and poets of almost every age and nation. Mrs. Hamilton observed, that Mr. Hamilton gave her leave to vary her dining-room according to her own situation to court the muses at her leisure. But as "Apollo himself does not always string his bow,"—and as verse, in this tasteless age, is not always a marketable commodity,—it would not be amiss, if Mrs. Yearly had two strings to her bow, and (I speak it seriously) were instructed to make cheesecakes and custards with her milk, as well as to make verses; in which case, any productions of her muse, which lay upon her hands, might be usefully employed in protecting the more lucrative productions of her oven.

fancy

fancy or her convenience.—“ For though,” added she, “ the salon with the bow-window is the room in which we generally live, I make it a rule never to go there in bad weather, when no prospect can please : and most of the winter months we live in our back parlour, where our landscapes afford us artificial prospects. I have brought you hither to-day only because this room is new to you.

“ These trifling changes,” says she, “ would contribute very little to our happiness, if we were not happy in our own minds : but to those who are so, very trifling matters serve for amusement.”—I *felt* the truth of this observation : for though nothing could be
more

more polite or attentive than the whole family were to oblige me, I was insensible almost to their civilities; and my thoughts were constantly roving to the other extremity of the Golden Vale, which possessed the only object that at present could have afforded me pleasure or amusement.

The reader will recollect, that it was Eugenius who was giving me this long and minute narrative, at the Devil Tavern; and as it might naturally be supposed that, before this time, we had finished our bottle, the waiter rushed into the room without ceremony, with his "Ge'men, do you call?" — This reminded us to consult our watches; and finding it was near
fix

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six o'clock, we parted for the present ;
but resolved to meet again, in the
evening, at the Somerset Coffee-house,
and eat a lobster together in a private
room, and finish our narration.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



